

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 29
Number 9 *In Medias Res*

Article 50

10-1-2008

Travis B.

Mike Sigler
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Recommended Citation

Sigler, Mike (2009) "Travis B.," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 29: No. 9, Article 50.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol29/iss9/50>

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Travis B.

Mike Sigler

A cold, damp hallway with red-stained architecture
Anger festers in this young whorehouse
Lost, clueless body dragging itself at me
As I am leaning deeply, scraping in the walls
An unknowing destination
My boot steel releases
Sitting so silently
My wet fingers to my brain
As I fade away

And when I wake up
To the appreciation much deserved
Gliding so sweetly
Wall of no remorse